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THE GRAVES OF MEMORY.  
BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

There is a lonely waste of graves  
Beside a stream of sighing waves,  
Where mourning groups of cypress trees,  
And weeping-willows, kiss the breeze,  
And some white roses faded there,  
Though they were planted with a prayer.

Above one grave a marble form  
Defies the midnight's sweeping storm;  
A wreath is on that statue's brow,  
And crowds before its glory bow.  
And yet one clasping arm is wound  
A broken heart and harp around;

And one is grasping through the air,  
As if the *something yet* were there!  
The heart and harp are as my own—  
The wreath is like a vision gone.  
This dream-built tomb I thought of yore  
Should rise when some lone life was o'er.

Some other graves are shaded o'er  
With myrtle from the heart's own shore—  
Green with the memories of the past,  
Though round them blighting dews fall fast.  
Beside those mounds a breeze's sigh  
Forever says: "Gone by, gone by!"

One form that's there beneath the sod  
Seemed brighter than a Grecian god!  
The classic curve the red lip wore,  
The brow whose beauty charms no more,  
The heavy clouds of midnight hair,  
The wild, dark eyes with love-light there:

All these—all, all are mouldering low  
In the dim vale of long ago.  
Yes, these, and one who wins more sighs  
With sunny curls and deep blue eyes;  
Ay, one more worshiped than all these  
Rests in the grave of memories.